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THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
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"GOOD WATCH-DOG?"

"FIRST-RATE. SPENDS ALL HIS TIME WATCHING THE COOK."

# SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

## The Man with a Match-lock

depended little upon his clumsy firearm. He preferred a short distance sword he was sure of, to a long distance pistol he was not.

## The Man with a Smith & Wesson

needs no other weapon. Danger is absent where it is present. Unfailing in action, unerring in fire—SMITH & WESSON users have confidence in their weapon that makes their nerves strong, and their minds easy.

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42 Stockbridge Street, - Springfield, Mass.



The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.

Watch for the next picture "The Buccaneer With His Wheellock."

## The Captain's Soliloquy.

AS the liner cleared the heads and the heavy swell of the open Atlantic became noticeable, dinner was served. The twenty-six places at the captain's table were filled, and as the soup appeared, the captain addressed his table companions: "I trust that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," he said,

"and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces as a father upon his family, for I am responsible for the lives of this group of nineteen. I hope all fourteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe we seven fellow-passengers are admirably suited to each other, and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my

table. You and I, my dear sir, are—" The captain chuckled. "Here steward, bring on my fish and clear away these dishes."—*Exchange*.

## Defined.

**K** NICKER: What is charity?  
**M**ILLIONAIRE: The art of not letting your right hand know if your left-hand is tainted.  
—*New York Sun*.

*"And lo! a pudding smok'd upon the board."*  
As the plum-pudding bespeaks the Yuletide feast, so let its spirit of good cheer and happiness be exemplified by

# White Rock

—the finest of table beverages. A mineral water effervescing with healthfulness—refreshing in its purity.

## Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



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John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

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### The Wants of the American Theatre Public.

THE glad, unspoiled children of nature and democracy who visit the playhouses of the United States are easily satisfied. Their celebrated common sense bids them not to demand unity and cohesion, well-calculated sequence of events, logical situations, reasonable characters, credible motives, pertinent dialogue, and the curtain's fall upon a plausible conclusion. Nor would they—the glad, unspoiled—condemn these things. They are as

free from prejudice thereanent as the wind that bloweth over their gurrate and boundless purrairies (referred to with luxurious, defiant pride by those not obliged to live on them). But they all want to laugh: they go to the theatre to "have a good time." We have heard laughter during the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" and the death throes of Carmen. Few spectacles gain their approval more surely than the contemptuous flouting of father or mother by daughter or son, ill-mannered impertinence towards age on the part of youth, ripe discernment filliped

by 'debonair triviality: look at America's comic journals, stage pieces, schools, homes.—*Critic.*

### How Grandma Viewed Them.

"I'M glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding.

"Why, Grandma?" asked the son.

"Well, gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



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of the Hamburg-American Line. Vessels superbly equipped: lowest first-class rate to Jamaica, \$30. 23 days' cruise to Jamaica, Colombia and Costa Rica, \$125. Rates include berth and meals. *Full particulars at HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE*  
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Ease



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are the musically educated. At first they did not understand that they were included when we said to *everybody*—"You can play your piano just as well as you want to if you have an ANGELUS."

¶ The proof of this statement will be a delightful surprise to you. The better you know and love music the more you will enjoy THE ANGELUS.

¶ Even hearing somebody else play will not make you understand. You must experience the sensation of being suddenly endowed with the musician's skill and of being permitted to indulge your taste for music to the utmost.

¶ Shortly after you have begun to play, the use of The Phrasing Lever and The Expression Devices will become a matter of course. Then you will have the supreme pleasure of playing without conscious effort—"just as well as you want to."



The Encore "By Request"

¶ Our beautiful souvenir art calendar showing the musical instruments of different periods, from the lyre of the Egyptians to the grand piano of to-day, reproduced with absolute faithfulness to detail, in dainty water color facsimile on heavy art paper (10 x 12 3/4 inches) ribbon tied, will be mailed for twenty-five cents (stamps or coin), and mention of this publication.

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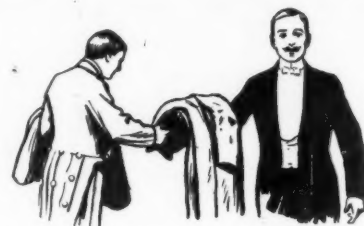
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# LIFE



TOTTERING THRONES.

AN OFF YEAR FOR CZARS.

**Charles Dana Gibson.**

"The utmost for the highest."

*Motto of George F. Watts.*

**A**VE! Thou goest from us,  
Apart from us to dwell;  
Through sacrifice to find thyself;  
Ave!—but not farewell!

Thou hast dreamed a dream of Leisure;  
Thou hast heard her call thy name,—  
The handmaid of enduring Art,  
Who feeds the quenchless flame,—  
And after the Ideal  
Thou wistfully would'st fare,  
Before whose shrine 'tis blest to wait,—  
Though ne'er to enter there!

Go forth,—for thou hast willed it,—  
Untrammelled as the sea:  
To find new forms of loveliness,  
Go forth! Lo, thou art free  
To hope, to learn, to listen,  
To be breathed upon, inspired,  
To wait on the unhasting gods,  
With soul intent, untired;

Careless of gain or profit,  
Of markets, or applause,  
To yield thy heart to Nature's heart,  
To learn her dearer laws;  
To gaze beyond the present,—  
From the fleeting view of things,  
To lift the vision, up and up;  
To feel the growth of wings!

Through love and self-denial,  
To gain at last the goal  
That hidden from the vulgar gaze  
Beckons the purer soul;  
Naught asking of the present,  
Content to strive and strive,—  
Knowing when lesser gods depart,  
Then, then, the gods arrive!

\* \* \*

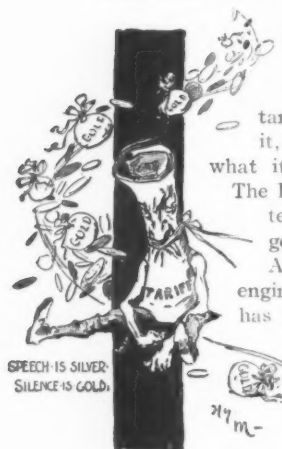
Ave! Thou goest from us,  
Apart from us to dwell;  
Through sacrifice to find thyself!  
Ave!—but not farewell!

*Florence Earle Coates.*



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVI. DEC. 9, 1905. No. 1206.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



AND now comes Congress again, with so vast a deal of important work ahead of it, that one wonders what it will tackle first.

The Panama Canal matter presses as urgently as anything.

A majority of the engineers whose advice has been asked have declared for a sea-level canal with one tidal lock, to be completed in fifteen

years at a cost of \$300,000,000. Will Congress back their judgment and provide the money to proceed with the work on that basis? The increased cost is pretty serious; the increased time is felt to be more serious still. Yet the new plan seems to be the one that will turn out best in the end, and if the President recommends it, Congress will probably accept it.

Pressing, too, is the condition of Porto Rico, where things are going down hill, business is prostrate, and the American occupation is exceedingly unpopular. A foolish and half-baked law, passed hastily by Congress with the best intentions, contrived so many restrictions to the employment of American capital in Porto Rico that American capital has stayed away, with lamentable consequences to the Island's business and especially to its sugar industry. That law must be repealed or radically changed. The Island's government must be bettered, too, and its people accepted as citizens of the United States. At present they are neither citizens, nor aliens who can be naturalized, but continue in an anomalous state, highly unsatisfactory and without a parallel anywhere. The government we give them is not so nearly autonomous as that which Spain con-

ceded to them. They have suffered in their liberties, their privileges, their self-respect and their commercial prosperity by coming under our flag, and it behooves Congress to do what it can to better their condition and their spirits.



AND of course there is something to be done for the Philippines. One thing that cries out to be accomplished is to remove the tariff on Philippine sugar and tobacco that come to the United States. "It is the quintessence of selfishness," Secretary Taft said the other day, "for our sugar and tobacco growers to insist upon that tariff."

These are small matters so far as our citizens are concerned, but vitally important to the islanders whom with such grandiose benevolence we have welcomed to a share in our flag, our blessed institutions, and the abounding prosperity which they have been supposed to insure.

As for our own affairs, the biggest iron in the Congressional fire is the railroad rates bill. Much will it have to be smitten in committee room anvils before it is fashioned into law. They say in Boston, where the securities of Western railroads support some very respectable families, that the rates bill is a measure which aims to put the control of Eastern property in the power of Western men. The point of that is that the East owns most of the railroads, and the West owns most of Congress.



IT would relieve the public mind a little if the President would put into his coming message what he did say to Mr. Henry M. Whitney about tariff revision and Canadian reciprocity. Mr. Whitney and some other Massachusetts men discussed these matters with Dr. Roosevelt some months ago, and Mr. Whitney, while running for office, quoted Dr. Roose-

velt as saying that he was favorable to Canadian reciprocity and tariff revision. The President took recent occasion to proclaim that Mr. Whitney had misrepresented him in so saying and had done it in a cowardly and deliberate fashion. Mr. Whitney wrote to say that he was sorry the President did not favor reciprocity, as he had understood, and that he considered that great injustice had been done to himself, and that he would like to call on the President and try to compare their misunderstanding. But the President wrote back that Mr. Whitney had again misrepresented him and warned him that the doors of the White House, front, back and side, and of the Executive offices, were closed to him. Thereupon, with the President's consent, Mr. Whitney published the President's letter.



WE are unable to puzzle out the rights of this dispute. We cannot think that Mr. Whitney deliberately misrepresented the President, nor is it credible that the President would have publicly accused Mr. Whitney of lying unless he supposed that Mr. Whitney had lied. It is a hard case, the harder because two heretofore respectable Massachusetts men who accompanied Mr. Whitney to the White House and supposed they heard what the President said, have confessed that they brought away the same impressions about the state of the Executive mind as were disclosed by Mr. Whitney during the campaign. If the President had declared that Mr. Whitney had betrayed his confidence we could have understood that, but he has not said so. Meanwhile, if we were Mr. Whitney, we would live on for a time, and bear our ignominy as we could. The whole matter may yet be explained. Senator Lodge may explain it, perhaps, or possibly, since all the White House doors are closed to Mr. Whitney, the President may consent to talk with him over the telephone.



SNAPSHOTS FROM OUR AIRSHIP.  
THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



### The Scrambler.

BY K-TH-R-NE C-C-L TH-RST-N.

THE first evening Collodion Cillycrank spent at Lady Frances Soap's house was full of a tingling excitement. Lord Beerthirst sat up and took notice the moment he saw her. He was dark and tall with a complexion of waxen pallor and cold, impassive eyes, and his evening clothes were built like a Louis Quinze court costume.

"Let us go out on the balcony, and I will teach you astronomy," he said to Collodion.

He was very old, and he knew the ancient game of pointing out the planets and kissing her every time she looked up to gaze at them. At last, after he had indicated every star in view, and was wishing he had brought a telescope, Collodion drew herself up with a shy but graceful air of hauteur.

"Lord Beerthirst," she asked, "have you been kissing me? I rather fancied that when I looked up at the stars——"

"Indeed, no," he replied with grave courtesy. "I would not have presumed."

Reassured by his tone and manner, she entered the card room. "Come," cried Val Verycold, "come, and play 'Old Maid' with us."

Collodion drew back timidly. She had a dread of all games of chance. Had she not known her father to gamble the shoes off his children's feet? But impelled by her hereditary instincts, she yielded. The reckless, thrilling game absorbed and fascinated her. She cared not for gain or loss; but with her it was always loss. The doom of her race was upon her. She had no card sense.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When Sir Walter Bore learned that he was to play bridge with Collodion, he looked at her with the shadow of rage in his clear eyes; and after she had trumped his ace, and had led their antagonists' long suit on a "no-trump" make, he arose and with a strong, fearless gesture threw his cards in her face and then jerked her from the table.

Feverishly she strove to tell him how unsophisticated she was, but his glance roved over her gown and accused her.

"My clothes do not mean anything," she explained eagerly. "I happen in-



"Just as she was about to plunge into the sea."

stinctively to understand the art of dress."

"A truly good woman is always known by her bad clothes," he responded implacably. "A large, flat waist, and low, flat heels are the only unfailing signs of virtue. Where is your husband?" he demanded sternly.

"He's gone to dig up old bones and stones; he is an archaeologist," she murmured.

No pity showed itself in Bore's pure, cold eyes.

"Don't you think," questioned Collodion in tense, vibrant tones, "that we should try to be happy ourselves, and to make others happy?"

Bore shuddered. "Our highest, truest happiness should be found in preventing others from having a good time," he answered.

Poor Collodion, with her warm, impulsive temperament? Walter Bore's preaching and platitudes would have driven a stronger, wiser woman to drink. But they only sent her to the solitude of her Florentine villa and her husband.

#### CHAPTER XX.

In a year or so Collodion's husband passed away, and she started out on her scrambles. In Paris, whither she

had naturally gone for rest and seclusion, she met Lady Frances Soap.

"I have put in two years amid the bones and stones," she explained sadly.

"Poor child," commiserated Lady Frances. "You are not the only person Walter Bore has driven mad by his preaching. Listen, Collodion; crazy people should never be taken insanely. Amuse yourself, child. Take a glass of lemonade, and we'll have a game of dominoes."

A passionate desire to live, to enjoy, stirred in Collodion's veins. Slowly, and as in a dream, she took her first sip of lemonade, and arranged her dominoes with unsteady fingers. She had cast aside her moral scruples.

#### CHAPTER XL.

Collodion was wandering in an English rose garden with Lord Beerthirst. "Why are you sad?" he asked solicitously. "Is it because you so blithely ignored every convention of bridge when we were playing for a thousand pounds a point last night?"

"Not altogether," she replied impatiently, "but you will think me such a fool. I've forged a lot of checks, and am horribly in debt."

"Let me make them good," he whispered. His glittering eyes fascinated her, and she felt her will weaken.



"THE GARDEN OF EDEN" THEORY OF THE NORTH POLE.  
Adam: COME RIGHT HERE, MA EVE. PEARY'S DISCOVERED US AT LAST.

Seizing his fountain pen he wrote rapidly for a moment, and then handed her a slip of paper.

"Lord Beerthirst," she asked with infinite hauteur, "is this a check? Have you dared to offer me money?"

"Believe me, no," he answered earnestly. "That is merely a bit of paper representing freedom from your difficulties."

She drew a long sigh of relief.

#### CHAPTER XCII.

Collodion fled violently into the music room. Val Verycold had been trying to kiss her, and her pure and uncontaminated nature rose up in rebellion at this act of sacrilege. To the

superficial mind, Collodion might have seemed a fool; the deeper student of human nature would understand that she was good, in certain primitive, incommunicable, inexplicable senses of the word.

Suddenly Walter Bore threw down a large, tapestried screen and advanced to meet her.

And then a miracle, wonderful, strange, awe-compelling, occurred. She suddenly saw that they two were alone. Did he, too, realize it? Did he understand that life, resistless, relentless, swept on in a mighty current; but that they two were alone—in the music room?

"Do you remember the night you played bridge with me?" she whispered. At her words, the hands that had thrown the cards in her face were held out to her; the feet that had fled from her presence walked toward her.

"I can never forget," he said, "but I have forgiven!"

#### CHAPTER CXXI.

But after Collodion, in the usual dark, simple dress and thick veil, had called on Lord Beerthirst at midnight, Walter Bore with his somewhat strict and narrow ideas felt himself justified in breaking the engagement.

"If she were only good and indiscreet," he complained to her sister, "or discreet without being good. But to be both heedless and imprudent is, as a marriageable combination, impossible."

"Oh, Walter," pleaded the sister, "think how hard it is for you to get an audience, and remember how willingly she has always listened to you."



DAYS WE DON'T CELEBRATE.



DWCF

### Horatius at Bridge.

LARS PORSENA of Clusinue,  
By the Grand Slam he swore  
That he and haughty Tarquin  
Could make the best bridge score.  
By the Grand Slam he swore it,  
And sent a herald forth  
To challenge two great players  
From out the South and North.

Unto the Rock Tarpean  
These rival heroes came—  
Horatius and Harminius—  
Both adepts at the game!  
Seam as in camp or Senate  
These toga'd Romans played,  
While cheered the dauntless populace  
And pallid augurs prayed.

And often at the Forum,  
Beneath the eagle's gold,  
And sometimes at the circus,  
Where press the townfolk bold,  
'Mid listening guards and tribunes  
Still is the story told,  
How keen Horatius won at bridge  
In the brave days of old.

Margaret Ridgley Schott.

The dawn was slowly gilding  
Imperial Caesar's "home,"  
As they played the final rubber,  
Amid the cheers of Rome.  
Each score was eight and twenty—  
Horatius took the pack,  
And dealt himself four kings, four queens,  
Four aces and one jack.

"No trumps!" the echoes sounded  
Beyond the Appian Way,  
While Tarquin and Lars Porsena  
Seemed too depressed to play.  
What need for invocation  
To Father Tiber then?  
A Roman's skill in dealing cards  
Had outdone two brave men.

His face softened. "To err is human; to forgive, divine!" he said brilliantly.

### CHAPTER CL.

In the meantime Collodion, who had fled to Ireland to raise some money—a trip suggestive of a journey to Hades for ice—learned that Walter had jilted her, and in her anguish she tempted her penniless cousin, Larry, to play euchre with her.

Near morning he rose unsteadily from his chair; Collodion had won

again on three tens and two nines. As Larry staggered from the room, he realized to the full the tragedy of his race. The instinct to gamble was strong in the Ashbin blood; but they could not learn to play the simplest game. Impelled by his high sense of honor, the lad went forth and drowned himself.

When Collodion learned of his action, her remorse and horror bade her follow his lead; but just as she was about to plunge into the sea, her old

nurse ran toward her with a telegram in her hand.

Dawn broke on the ocean and in Collodion's heart as she tore it open. "Saved!" she cried. "Saved! I can now expiate all my sins by becoming Walter Bore's wife!"

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

### Present Company.

BRIGGS: How was that Welsh rabbit you had at my house last week?

GRIGGS: You mean how is it?

### Mr. Brockway, Mayor of Elmira.

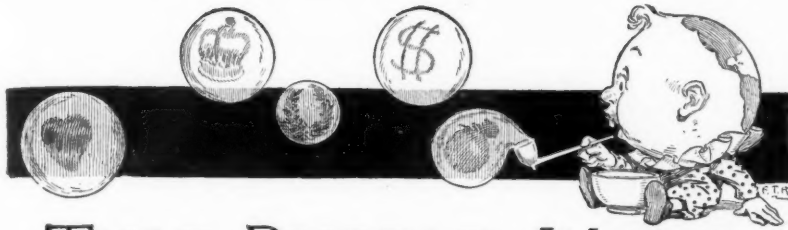
MR. BROCKWAY, once Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory, but charged with cruelty, and relieved of his duties there, was chosen Mayor of Elmira at the last election. Mr. Brockway made the Elmira Reformatory one of the model criminal institutions of the world. The *New York World* led the attack which resulted in his deposition. He was investigated by order of the Legislature, and the final conclusion was that perhaps his judgment about punishments had become somewhat blunted, and that it was better that he should no longer be the autocrat of the Reformatory. Several years later he got out altogether, but he has never been a discredited man. The compliment his fellow-townsmen have paid him in electing him Mayor is not a vindication, for he did not need one. All the same, it is a pretty and a timely compliment to a man who deserved it. Where Mr. Brockway is best known he is evidently honored.



Kit: YOU SAY YOU DOTE ON OLD CHINA?  
Kat: YES, I'M A CONNOISSEUR.

"AROUND AT MY HOUSE YOU CAN GET ALL YOU WANT FOR A MERE SONG!"





## THIS BUBBLE WORLD



THE people only feel the colonial policy as an increasing burden. They do not perceive any resulting blessing.—*Frankfurter Zeitung.*

The Germans doubtless excel in philosophy, but when it comes to cant, we Anglo-Saxons have them faded.

The rich man who gives to the public benefit is merely making restitution to the society which has overpaid him for his services.—*Rabbi Hirsch.*

He who giveth (a million dollars or so) unto the poor, lendeth (other people's money) unto the Lord.

Such incidents as the accidental shooting of a Chinaman with birdshot are not uncommon, and are usually settled by the payment of a dollar or two.—*Shanghai Cablegram.*

The Orient is pretty backward, for sure. As compared with the automobile, birdshot is archaic enough and ineffective enough to extort a smile.

There is an astonishing divorce between the ethical ideals of Christendom and its normal practices.—*Hibbert Journal.*

Well, possibly they were married too young.



Do you happen to wear an amulet?—*Boston Herald.*

No, dear; we find a porous plaster more clinging.

The yield of gold last year was worth \$80,835,000, a trifle less than \$1.00 for each inhabitant of the United States.—*New York World.*

Very much less than \$1.00 for "each inhabitant." Ask John D., J. Pierpont and H. H. about it.

Football is dull.—*Harvard Bulletin.*

Well, for that matter, so is Wagner, or the simple life, or, if the truth must be told, universal peace.

And the humble factory girl who has looked upon the pageant is happy for a whole year in the knowledge that "I seen Mrs. Vanastorbilt, and she ain't so much!"—*New York World.*

Can it be, after all, that the Society column is a boom-erang?

Chicago is said to contain eighteen thousand deserted wives.—*Chicago Journal.*

Which was it—Bridge, or the cooking recipes in *The Ladies' Home Journal*?



Lord Byron wrote that "there's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

At last we have the source of Dr. Burchard's famous "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" al-literation which defeated Blaine.

Mississippi still assassinates witnesses who know too much of criminal violations of law.—*Buffalo News.*

In New York we are more civilized. We put up five thousand dollars bail for them and let them skip.

The foreign office at St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the turbulence and bloodshed of which it is the center, is perfecting plans for the meeting of the international peace conference in May at The Hague.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

So, after all, Russia is going to the peace conference. A going-to-pieces conference would suit her better.

A hen in Switzerland is said to have laid one thousand eggs.—*Baltimore American.*

This beats King Edward's record of three hundred and forty-two cornerstones.

An English girl has started the fad of collecting her friends' kisses in an album, the pages of which are so constructed as to retain the impress of their labial jabs.—*Louisville Times.*

The Boston girl preserves hers in cold storage.

Why all this fuss about King George IV. marrying Mrs. Fitzherbert?—*Chicago News.*

To give a brigade of obscure Americans opportunity to get their pictures in the yellow journals as would-be left-handed descendants of royalty.



The consulting engineers are unable to decide on the kind of canal we should have.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

We're not expert engineers, but we'd rather have one with water in it.

Three men were arrested in Chicago the other day for going armed to a theatre. There is no excuse for a man carrying his gun to a theatre.—*Houston Post.*

Evidently the Theatrical Trust doesn't send its shows to Houston.

A beautiful young girl is making a living as a guide in Athens.—*Louisville Times.*

Poor girl! How many times she must have to listen to "Guide of Athens, ere we part, etc."

The latest development of the Taft trip to the Orient is the presence of a thief on board the transport.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

From the Filipino point of view there was more than one.

Mr. James H. Hyde is less than thirty years of age, and received an annual salary of one hundred thousand dollars.—*Washington Star.*

It should be remembered, however, that both Mr. Hyde and the younger McCurdy showed unusual judgment in selecting their fathers.

Eventually it may become practical to eliminate the equine element from the New York horse show.—*Detroit News.*

But never the asinine.

New York Prohibitionists cast three hundred and twenty-seven votes at the recent election.—*Chicago Journal.*

This accounts for the fact that New York is about to spend many millions of dollars for an increase in its water supply.



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### The Dramatizing of Lady Kitty Ashe.



BOOKS that go on the stage gain that distinction too often, unfortunately, because they have attained a large sale and have been widely talked about rather than because they possess any distinctly dramatic quality. There are managers who, if it were possible, would exploit in dramatic form the weak infusion of tea which is so universally consumed, or the more sturdy combination of pork and beans so generally popular, not because they are dramatic in themselves, but because they are generally known and liked by many persons who might be attracted by curiosity to see their old friends on the stage and thus swell the box-office receipts.

The weak-tea metaphor may be carried a little further when one is considering a dramatization of "The Marriage of William Ashe." The innocuous fluid and Mrs. Humphry Ward's books both have large and very similar constituencies. These are composed of estimable persons, not built in heroic mould, mentally or otherwise. They like their literature and their tippie mild and long drawn out, lukewarm and not too pronounced in flavor. Elderly ladies, and gentlemen of the afternoon-calling variety, are both fond of Mrs. Ward and of tea. The tiny slice of lemon or the infinitesimal drop of Santa Cruz mark the limit in one way, as do the temptations and indiscretions of Mrs. Ward's heroines in another. To the person of virile or agile mind neither weak tea nor Mrs. Ward's kind of literature is satisfying, either as beverage or mental pabulum. There is too much dilution in each. With Mrs. Ward this takes the form of words, bad substitute for more substantial matter. She is constantly telling us how clever some of her characters are, but they never say a clever thing, nor do anything but the asinine one which creates the complication that gives excuse for more words to environ what passes for plot.

EVEN the estimable persons who read and talk about Mrs. Ward's books do not seem to relish them in dramatic guise. Some of her characters are distinctly drawn, but even when they are well transferred to the stage, the feebleness of the situations in which they are placed and the wordiness necessary to their existence kill interest with weariness. "Lady Rose's Daughter," for

instance, in book form had many friends, but when she went on the stage she created nothing but disappointment, even among those who liked her best, and even though she was portrayed by so admirable and intelligent an artist as Miss Fay Davis.

The strange thing about the dramatization of "The Marriage of William Ashe," made by Margaret Mayo, is not that it is not any better than it is as a play, but that it is at all an interesting product. At points it even moves very susceptible persons to tears. It maunders along through its five acts much as the book does through its hundreds of pages of words, arousing a languid but not entirely unpleasant interest.

Again arises the question whether a play made from a book should be regarded entirely as a play and distinct from its source, or whether it is fair to let enter into the consideration the extent to which the play embodies the ideas of the first author. When the appeal is based so frankly on the popularity of the book, it seems fair to take it into consideration, especially as in this instance it has been so literally transferred that one finds it virtually impossible to separate one from the other. Naturally the first question to arise is whether Grace George realizes the qualities of *Lady Kitty*. Briefly, she does not. She conveys absolutely no impression of the lightness, grace, frivolity and complete irresponsibility of that unmoral young person. She gives us another *Lady Kitty*, who is very charming and interesting, but built on too sincere lines to be guilty of the inconsistencies Mrs. Ward provides for the heroine of her book. Grace George has personality and ability and there is a character for her somewhere, but she has not found it yet—certainly not in *Lady Kitty*. Mr. Reeves-Smith's *William Ashe* was all right, simply because he was the gentleman whom Mrs. Ward would

have us believe was a person of importance, but who gives no evidence of important attributes either in the book or on the stage. Mr. Ben Webster is an actor of qualifications, but although Mrs. Ward explains that *Geoffrey Cliffe* was a perfect devil, Mr. Webster couldn't make him anything more than a very well-appearing gentleman. Of the rest of the company it is to be said that the most that could be expected of them was to supply an atmosphere of English high society, which they failed absolutely to do. From this statement should be excepted the admirable bit supplied by Katherine Stewart as *Lady Parham*, the dowager with the arrogance that comes to some persons with assurance of high-position and the right to an ill-bred manner.

The play is given a far more careful and elaborate stage presentation than is deserved by the dramatic possibilities of any of Mrs. Humphry Ward's books.

\* \* \*

WHAT has become of Herr Conried's American National Theatre?

Is it possible that some of the thirty gentlemen who were to pay one hundred thousand dollars each for their boxes have welched on their subscriptions?

Or has the real estate speculator insisted on more profit in the price of the site which Herr Conried assured us had already been purchased?

Or are the "leading society women who were to



GRACE GEORGE AS *LADY KITTY* IN "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE."

pass on the social position of those who are to occupy the boxes tangled up in some question of social precedence?

Or has Herr Conried reached the conclusion that a person who cannot speak English without a pronounced German brogue is not exactly the person to direct the destinies of an American National Theatre?

It is to be hoped that Herr Conried's business enterprise has not come to grief on any of these rocks. Herr Conried's announcements had led us to believe that this new business undertaking of his was practically an accomplished fact. It seems that his contract with the owners of the Metropolitan Opera House comes to an end before very long, and the success of this new scheme meant that Herr Conried would still have a snug berth in this community, even if the owners of the Metropolitan concluded to dispense with Herr Conried's services. This was an assurance that Herr Conried was to remain among us, which it would be a pity to have dissipated. But even if the Metropolitan people should let Herr Conried go, and if his American National Theatre should prove to be only a bit of imagination instead of a fact, Herr Conried would still be warmly welcomed back to the little German theatre in Irving Place where he did such admirable work.

\* \* \*



HE esteemed Boston *Transcript* chides LIFE for non-approval of Mr. Anthony Comstock's making a self-created dramatic censor of himself. The *Transcript* says in effect that somebody has got to do the work Anthony Comstock does and that we ought not to jump on him for doing it. The *Transcript* is partly right. There are certain unpleasant functions that have to be performed in every civilized community, and a man is not necessarily to be blamed because he chooses that way of making a living. But such a person should be very discreet about obtruding his personality before the public. Sometimes it is necessary, and more often it isn't.

Mr. Comstock deals with dark things and his business should be conducted in darkness. Our criticism was aimed at his fondness for attracting public notice to himself and letting it lead him into also attracting a vast amount of public attention to a matter which in no way belonged in his province, and with which public opinion was quite competent to deal. LIFE's objection to Mr. Comstock in the matter of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was that his lack of discretion has done more harm than the play would if he had confined himself to his own peculiar business.

Metcalfe.



AS USUAL.

Editor: HELLO! IS THIS THE HOSPITAL?

Doctor: YES.

"HAS FRED BUNKER, A WEALTHY BACHELOR, BEEN INJURED AND TAKEN THERE?"

"YES."

"WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF HIS INJURIES?"

"NOT CERTAIN, BUT PROBABLY HE'LL MARRY THE NURSE."



Academy of Music.—"Babes in Toyland." Agreeable spectacle and Victor Herbert's delightful music.

Belasco.—Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West." Thoroughly American play of strong interest, admirably staged and acted.

Bijou.—David Warfield in the second year of "The Music Master." An interesting play excellently acted.

Casino.—"The Earl and the Girl." English musical play with American company. Amusing.

Fields.—Peter Dailey in "The Press Agent." Notice later.

Garrick.—Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe." See opposite.

Hippodrome.—Last week of "A Yankee Circus on Mars" and "The Romance of a Hindoo Princess." Circus and spectacle on a large scale. Worth seeing.

Lyric.—Last week of "Happyland." Light opera, with musically score by De Koven. Well staged and amusing.

Madison Square.—Henry E. Dixey and Carlotta Nillson in "The Man on the Box." Light but amusing comedy.

Manhattan.—Last week of Madame Kalich in Mactertlinck's poetical tragedy, "Monna Vanna." Interesting to a very high degree, but not meat for babes.

Princess.—"Zira," with Margaret Anglin in the title part. Strong play, well presented and acted. Interesting and including an admirable piece of emotional acting by the star.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

Weber's Theatre.—"The Prince Chap." Agreeable little serio-comedy, pleasantly acted.

As no representative of LIFE is permitted to enter the theatres in the following list, they are not included in the Guide. As a result of this exclusion, twenty-four managers have been arrested on a charge of criminal conspiracy and are now at large on bail, pending action by the criminal courts.

DALY'S.	HUDSON.	LYCEUM.
EMPIRE.	LIBERTY.	MAJESTIC.
GARDEN.	WALLACK'S.	SAVOY.
KNICKERBOCKER.	NEW AMSTERDAM.	

### To a Twentieth Century Actress.

YOU pass across a painted scene,  
With painted shadows by your side,  
A conscious beauty, so serene,  
You seem to some great past allied;  
You would have stirred the Strand a bit,  
When David Garrick was alive,  
You would have measured, wit for wit,  
With Woffington or Kitty Clive.

'Tis in some old, flamboyant day  
Our fancy loves to picture you,  
At Doctor Burney's drinking "tay,"  
At Horace Walpole's playing loo.  
We see you, when the play is o'er,  
Swing slowly through the foggy air,  
Your link-boy running on before,  
The dandies following your chair.

The chair is gone, the link-boy sped  
Beyond the light of sun and star,  
And in their place we find instead  
A chauffeur and a motor-car.  
As for the dandies,—well, to-day  
They wear no ruffs of dainty lace,  
But Beauty still maintains her sway—  
Men still pursue a lovely face.

Robert Gilbert Welsh.



THE Boston Symphony Orchestra began this present New York season with a concert of exceptional interest. For lovers of the best music, these events have become an important and almost indispensable resource. The quality of the audiences is in itself the finest recognition, the highest tribute. Nowhere in the city does one find himself in a more cultured society, musically and intellectually, than at these silent, appreciative assemblies.

\* \* \*

THAT Mr. Bagby's matinées at the Waldorf hold a decided place in the musical season is proved by the demand for seats, which exceeds the supply. These concerts afford rare opportunities for hearing operatic stars at short range.

## THE LATEST BOOKS

**I**N *The Conquest of Canaan* Booth Tarkington has so adroitly disguised that which the public wants in the form of what it thinks it wants that the novel can hardly fail of an instant success. At bottom the book is a piece of arrant sentimentalism, the stories of Cinderella and the Ugly Duckling transplanted to Indiana and brought up to date, yet the slums of Canaan, its publicans, its sinners and its whited sepulchers are so cleverly made to serve as the stage and the advance agents of Poetic Justice that the story will pass for a study of life as it is, after the most frankly realistic school of American fiction.

*Red Fox*, by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a handsome volume and written with the author's peculiar skill in the blending of observation, inference and imagination. It traces the history and adventures of an animal which was undoubtedly the seventh son of a seventh son born with a caul, but each one of whose tricks and shrewdities may well have found lodging under some pair of pointed Renard ears, and whose thoroughly entertaining story is merely natural history tinged with romance.

*The House of a Thousand Candles* by Meredith Nicholson begins with two things in its favor; an opening situation which, while evidently pointing to a mere yarn of mystery and adventure, nevertheless enlists attention and promises entertainment, and the fact that the author's previous work has, for all its occasional lack of poise, shown the saving ability to create human characters and to awaken our concern in their lives. The story, however, lives up neither to its own promise nor to its author's, but after rearing a superstructure of the humanly unlikely on a foundation of the legally impossible, falls to pieces before the end like the house of cards that it is.

James Eugene Farmer's work on *Versailles and the Court Under Louis XIV.* is a most interesting, comprehensive and vivid reconstruction of the past. The palace as it was in the

seventeenth century is first described, then the King and his habits, household and housekeeping, and finally a series of brilliant sketches of the chief members of the court and of some of the most intimate scenes of court life complete a picture of unusual distinctness and of very genuine worth.

The novel by George S. Wasson called *The Green Shay*, dealing with the moral dry rot in the once prosperous harbor communities of the Maine coast, is a disappointment. The author's first book, *Cap'n Simcon's Sore*, was a thoroughly delightful study of these same types, but whereas it was the spontaneous and successful expression of a purely artistic impulse, *The Green Shay* has been primarily inspired by altruistic motives, is indeed a missionary appeal in a cloak of fiction and, like most fiction written with an ulterior purpose, the result is unmistakably hybrid.

The vanished group of artists and their friends that F. Hopkinson Smith gathers around *The Wood Fire in Number 3* are described with that mellow and hearty sentiment, that flower of fine tenderness, that is the secret of our love for Colonel Carter and the essence of this author's hold upon us. The yarns they spin of winter afternoons about the big fireplace are neither very brilliant nor always new, but their spirit is irresistible.

*Black Butterflies*, a story of the occult by Berthe St. Luz, is one of those fearful and wonderful pieces of English composition whose issue suggests the alternative of the publishers having played a joke on the author or attempting to play one on their customers. This particular book might have been composed by a medium under the joint control of Henry James and Bertha Clay, and the manuscript edited by a grammarian turned anarchist.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Conquest of Canaan.* By Booth Tarkington. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*Red Fox.* By Charles G. D. Roberts. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$2.00.)

*The House of a Thousand Candles.* By Meredith Nicholson. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

*Versailles and the Court Under Louis XIV.* By James Eugene Farmer. (The Century Company. \$3.50.)

*The Green Shay.* By George S. Wasson. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)



JIU JITSU.

*The Wood Fire in Number 3.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)  
*Black Butterflies.* By Berthe St. Luz. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

### Attention, Authors!

**Y**OUR publisher often fails to do you complete justice. He tries hard, but fails. In preparing notices about yourself, why not consult our adjective bureau? A trained corps of puffers constantly on hand working night or day. Here are a few samples of our phrases. Write, telephone or wire.

One of the sanest observers of the day.

Masterful, soul rending, it carries one completely off one's feet.

This book is not one epoch making book, but several.

Mr. — is three months ahead of his age!

Clarity of vision, breadth of construction, depth of feeling, a tremendous grasp of the subject—all, all are here.





FOR FLEDGLINGS.



#### SICK!

When mother's sick, the house is all  
So strangely hushed in room and hall!  
But mother never will admit  
She's suffering a single bit!  
She won't let people do a thing—  
There's nothing any one can bring—  
She just lies there, and tries to fix  
Herself, by cunning little tricks!  
And as for doctor—why, the word  
She scouts as being most absurd.  
And when he comes he has to guess  
At symptoms that she won't confess;  
And then he's apt to frown and say:  
"You should have had me right away.  
I'll come again this evening"—for  
It's bed, you see, a week or more!

When father's sick—I tell you, now  
You ought to hear the dreadful row!  
The talk of "dying," and the groans!  
The orders in convulsive tones!  
The hasty runnings to and fro:  
To rearrange the pillow—so;  
To fix hot-water bag and shade;  
For mustard-plaster, lemonade!  
Appeals to get the doctor, quick—  
And "Can't you see I'm awful sick?"  
And then the doctor sits and hears  
While father grunts his pains and fears.  
He leaves some drops, and tells us: "Hum!  
Unless I'm needed I sha'n't come  
Again. I think he'll do all right."  
And father's up, perhaps, by night!

—Century Magazine.

#### A TERRIBLE THREAT.

"Extra Billy" Smith, the Confederate General, was one of the most irascible as well as one of the most patriotic of men. Upon one occasion he was leading a regiment on a long and difficult march. Weary and exhausted they halted for a rest by the wayside. When it became necessary to move on the General gave the order, but the tired men remained stretched upon the ground. The order was repeated peremptorily. Still no motion. By this time the temper of the General was at white heat. He thundered out:

"If you don't get up and start at once I'll march the regiment off and leave every d—d one of you behind."

They started.—Saturday Evening Post.

#### HIS SAVINGS.

"I'm going to quit saving," announced the bill-clerk. "There's nothing to it. I've just about made up my mind to squander my fifteen per on fine raiment and riotous living."

"I dislike to hear a naturally thrifty young man like you talk in that way," said the cashier, gravely. "You want to bear in mind that the sun of prosperity does not ever shine and that youth passes away. Lay up a decent provision for your old age and a rainy day, at least."

"What's the use?" queried the bill-clerk. "Where will I lay it up? It's no cinch that the man behind the magazine-gun won't stick me up on the street cor-



The Father: YOUNG MAN, HAVE YOU BEEN MAKING LOVE TO MY DAUGHTER?

"HE HAS BEEN trying TO, PAPA."

ner before I get home with it, and if I put it in the bank I may get deprived of it with equal abruptness."

"Go West to Lonesomehurst, buy acre property, and grow up with the suburb," suggested the cashier.

"I think I see myself," said the bill-clerk. "Where would I be when they began to pave the boulevard and put in a sewer system? Not for little Willie. I'd sooner go East and try to astonish Wall Street."

"Have you any life insurance?" asked the cashier.

"That's a worse gamble yet," said the bill-clerk.

"Insurance is a gamble from start to finish. The ring gives you odds of \$1,000 to fifteen dollars that you won't croak, after they've got a doctor to give 'em a

tip that makes it practically a lead-pipe cinch. You've got to die to make a win. If you're lucky you may catch a case of typhoid, but usually you ain't lucky. You boil your water and go on paying your bet every six months. Ain't it?"

"You know I never argue with you," said the cashier.

"There's no telling about Government bonds," pursued the bill-clerk. "I've heard people say that our Government won't last twenty years at the rate we're going. The trusts won't do a thing but repudiate."

"Have you got much saved now?" inquired the cashier.

"Quite a bunch," replied the bill-clerk, "but banks are too shaky. I'm going down to-morrow to draw out the whole eight dollars and buy me an outing suit."—Chicago Tribune.

#### WHERE BABIES SWIM.

"I shall spend the winter in Samoa," said a traveler. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim."

"Can you imagine a quainter, a more charming sight than a host of babies, none over two years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water?"

"You will see this sight in Samoa. Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies, and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year round."

"The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk."

"And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 5,000 mile trip to Samoa."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

#### HIS REQUEST.

A week before commencement Jones, a senior, who was weary of boarding-house fare, was happily engaged in donning his dinner clothes. A smile of delighted anticipation played upon his feature when Robbins entered in a dinner coat.

"Hello, Charley!" greeted Jones, cheerily. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing up," said Robbins. "I'm just going round to the Clemenses to call—going to see if I can't get asked to dinner."

The smile faded slowly from Jones' features.

"Oh, I say, Charley," he expostulated, "can't you go somewhere else? I was going there."—Kansas City Independent.

"I saw Grumby talking to you yesterday. I thought you said he never spoke to you any more?"

"He doesn't, usually, but he noticed I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me an unfailing remedy for it."—Cleveland Leader.

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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15 Day Street.**





HELP WANTED.

'Twas in a kitchen, cluttered up  
With many a pot and pan,  
That I found on view, in an apron blue,  
A sad faced editor man.

His hands were soapy, his shoes were splashed,  
And soapy and splashed was he,  
And I heard him sigh, this editor guy,  
In a minor minimus key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a second girl,  
And a nurse, and a laundress cheap,  
And a parlor maid, and an upstairs jade,  
And a woman that comes to sweep!"

—Newark News.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"Is it customary to tip the waiter in this place?"

"Why—ah—yes, sir."

"Then hand me a tip. I've waited three-quarters of an hour for that steak I ordered."—Cleveland Leader.

JONES: What's good for the toothache?

SMITH: Walk about half-way to the nearest dentist's.—Kansas City Independent.

ELIGIBLE.

David Belasco received some years ago the following letter:

"Veneered Sir: Wishing to go on the stage, would like to join your forces. Have been a brick-layer for five years, but, having failed in this branch, have decided to take up acting, the same being easier work. I am not young, but six foot in my stocking feet. Have studied elocution and am fond of late hours."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

"WHERE's that umbrella I lent you yesterday?"

"Jones borrowed it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only the fellow I borrowed it of says that the owner has been asking him for it."—Cleveland Leader.

PRETTY TOUGH.

The regular patron, a little pale and wan, dropped wearily into a chair and took out his newspaper.

"Steak, as per usual?" said the waiter.

"No; I am tired to-night," the patron answered. "Bring me a plate of hash."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. Booklet.

THE REASON WHY.

When the chapel bell is ringing, and the simple student springing

Out of bed, his collar bringing in his pocket, disregards

All decorum, if you wonder what illusion we are under

That to chapel we should blunder—we've just come to leave our cards.

—Princeton Tiger.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"Lookee here, young feller," said Deacon Korn-top, "you bin a-makin' up to our Berthy for some time."

"Yes, sir," replied the bashful young farmer.

"Waal, I want to know ef you're goin' to marry her."

"Gosh, so do I; but I jest hain't got the gumption to ask her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is well to bear in mind that it is alike impossible to recall the past, retain the present or retard the future.—Home and Abroad.

# WINCHESTER



## RIFLES FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING.

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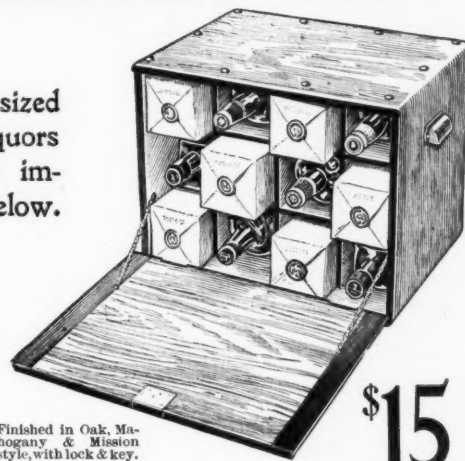
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## Amateur Reform.

THE mission-workers on the East Side frequently see the humorous as well as the sadder side of life. A man prominent in reform work recounts the experience of a certain young woman, new to the task, who set about posting herself as to conditions in a neighborhood near Avenue A.

The ambitious missionary had entered the house of an Irishwoman, and had made some preliminary inquiries, when she was suddenly interrupted by the woman, who said:

"Say, youse is fresh at dis business, ain't youse?"

The amateur in mission work blushing admitted such to be the case, adding, "I have never visited you before, Mrs. Muldoon."

"Thin," explained the Irishwoman, "I tell ye what to do. Ye sit down in that chair there, ye read me a short psalm, ye gives me fifty cints, an' thin ye goes."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"WE had a Swede girl working here as a chambermaid last week who certainly took the cake for 'hard-headedness,'" said Jack Malloy, chief clerk at the Hotel Baltimore, yesterday. "One morning I decided to sleep late, having worked until after midnight the night before. I was in a delightful snooze about 9.30 o'clock, when I was awakened by some one trying to unlock my door. I had left my key in the door, so the efforts of the person outside failed. Then there came a loud rapping. 'What is it?' I called.

"'Aye kum ta clean da room,' came from outside.

"'Well, go away from here, Hulda, and let me sleep,' I growled. 'This room can be fixed up this afternoon. Now get out and don't wake me up again.' I went back to sleep and about half an hour later there came another loud rapping at the door.

"'What is it?' I called gruffly. It was Hulda again.

"'Meester Malloy,' she said, 'da housekeeper tale me not to bother you, so Aye won't any more.'"—*Kansas City Times*.

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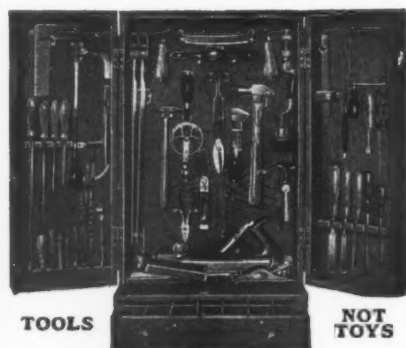
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### Books Received.

**A**MONG the holiday publications is a handsome volume of love tales from a fifteenth century manuscript of Nicholas de Caen, by James Branch Cabell, called *The Line of Love*, and illustrated in color by Howard Pyle (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00), also an edition in two volumes of Theophile Gautier's *Russia*, translated by Florence Tyson (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia), an illustrated edition of *Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo*, by John Luther Long (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.50), and an edition of Bret Harte's *Her Letter*, illustrated by A. J. Keller (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$2.00), a new book of cartoons, by John T. McCutcheon, called *The Mysterious Stranger* (McClure, Phillips and Company), and Charles Dana Gibson's latest portfolio of drawings, *Our Neighbors* (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.20). Among the holiday books for children one of the most novel and attractive is *The Story of Noah's Ark*, told and pictured by E. Boyd Smith (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$2.00). Another handsome book is Fanny Y. Cory's *Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood*. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.) There is also a new volume in the Fairy Book Series, edited by Andrew Lang, called *The Red Romance Book* (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.60), a book of fairy tales by Violet Jacob, called *The Golden Heart* (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25). *The True Story of Humpty Dumpty*, by Anna Alice Chapin (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.40). *Little Mother and George*, by Gertrude Smith (Harper and Brothers. \$1.30). *Teddy Sunbeam*, by Charlotte Grace Sperry (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco. \$1.00). *The Woozlebeasts*, a collection of pictures and nonsense rhymes by J. P. Benson. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.25). Mrs. Edith Ogden Harrison's new fairy book, *The Moon Princess* (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.25), and J. Allen St. John's *The Face in the Pool*. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago). One of the late numbers of the American Sportsman's Library is by E. L. Anderson and P. Collier, and deals with *Riding and Driving*. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00). *The Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Natural History* is an addition to Champin's well-known reference series. (Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50). Other recent reference works include a revised edition of Philip van Press Myers' *Medieval and Modern History* (Ginn and Company. \$1.50), and one of D. H. Montgomery's *Student's American History* (Ginn and Company. \$1.40), a collection of extracts from *Southern Writers*, edited by W. P. Trent. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.10). *A Short History of Venice*, by William Roscoe Thayer. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50). *The Traveler's Handbook*, for transatlantic tourists, by Josephine Tozier, author of *Among English Inns*. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00).

### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Prince Chap*, by Edward Peple. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).  
*The Pursuit of Phyllis*, by J. H. Bacon. (Henry Holt and Company).  
*The Closed Book*, by William Le Queux. (The Smart Set Publishing Company).  
*Her Fiance*, by Josephine Daskam. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia).  
*Broadcast*, by Ernest Crosby. (Funk and Wagnalls Company).  
*Man Limitless*, by Floyd B. Wilson. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.25).  
*My Lady of the North*, by Randall Parrish. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago).  
*Threads*, by Garrett W. Thompson. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia).  
*The Bride of Glendearg*, by Allan McIvor. (W. J. Ritchie. \$1.50).  
*The Shutters of Silence*, by G. B. Burgin. (The Smart Set Publishing Company).  
*Husband, Wife and Home*, by Charles Frederick Goss. (Vir Publishing Company).  
*A Twentieth Century Idealist*, by Henry Pittit. (The Grafton Press. \$1.50).  
*The Golden Hope*, by Robert H. Fuller. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50).  
*Only Letters*, by Francis I. Maule. (George W. Jacobs and Company).  
*The Thistles of Mount Cedar*, by Ursula Tannenforst. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25).

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### The “Stuff” Was There.

JANUARY JONES, the Nevada miner, has only been in America a few years, and our prohibition laws still excite his wonder.

“I have visited a good many of your prohibition States,” he said the other day, “and it seems to me that people drink there just the same as in London or Paris, or in Nevada. I don't believe prohibition laws can be enforced.

“Did you ever hear of the conjurer who gave a performance in a prohibition town? In the course of his entertainment the man needed a pint flask of whiskey.

“‘A pint flask of whiskey, please,’ he said, going up and down the aisle with inquiring looks to left and right. ‘Who will lend me a pint flask of whiskey?’

“The audience was a large one, but there was no reply.

“‘What is this?’ said the conjurer. ‘Surely in a prohibition town I don't need to ask twice for a pint flask of whiskey?’

“Then, after a moment of silence, a dignified man in black arose and said:

“‘Stranger, would a quart flask do as well?’

“‘Sure,’ said the conjurer.

“Thereupon, as one man, the audience arose, a quart flask of whiskey extended in each and every right hand.”—*Kansas City Independent*.

### Decided Slump.

THE great man was disturbed in mind.

“Henry,” he said to his private secretary, “have I done anything unpopular lately?”

“Not that I am aware of, Senator,” responded that functionary.

“Does there seem to be any prejudice taking shape in the public mind against me?”

“I know of none.”

“Am I spoken of in a sneering manner by the public prints?”

“Not so far as I have observed. Why are you asking me these questions, Senator?”

“Because, Henry,” said the great man, “I am convinced that unfriendly influences are at work. You know there is a brand of five-cent cigars named for me, I presume.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, they are selling them now two for five cents.”—*Chicago Tribune*.

### Technical.

THE NEW YORK GIRL: Do you like canned salmon?

THE BOSTON GIRL: I never ate any canned salmon.

“You never did?”

“I never did. I have always taken it out of the can before I have eaten it.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IT was washing-day in the domestic establishment of a suburban sportsman, and the servant girl was regaling her favorite policeman with bread and cheese in the kitchen. Her mistress called from upstairs: “Mary, isn't it about time you started your washing?”

“Yes, mum,” shouted back Mary, “I'm just fillin' the copper!”—*Sporting Times*.



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## Philander and the Office-Boy.

MR. KNOX, at present a Senator from Pennsylvania, was formerly engaged in the practice of law in Pittsburg.

One day, says a friend, Mr. Knox was much put out to find on his arrival at his office that everything was topsyturvy and that the temperature of his rooms was much too low for comfort. Summoning his office-boy, a lad but recently entered in his employ, the lawyer asked who had raised every window in the place on such a cold morning.

"Mr. Muldoon, sir," was the answer.

"Who is Mr. Muldoon?" asked the attorney.

"The janitor, sir."

"Who carried off my waste-basket?" was the next question.

"Mr. Reilly, sir."

"And who is Mr. Reilly?"

"He's the man that cleans the rooms."

Mr. Knox looked sternly at the boy and said: "See here, Richard, we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." And the boy retired.

In a few minutes he reappeared and in a shrill, piping voice announced:

"There's a gentleman that wants to see you, Philander."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

## Altering the Wind.

A COUNTRY gentleman observed his Irish servant at the top of a ladder doing something to the weathercock on the stable turret. "Hullo, Pat," he cried, "what are you up to now?"

"The mistress wants to go for a drive," replied Pat, "an' she towld me to put the pony in the dogcart. But faix, it's blowin' so nasthy an' cowl'd from the aste, an' she is so purty and delicate, that I thought I'd be after tyn' the bla'gard of a wind round to the so'-west with a bit of string an' keep it there till she had her drive and come home agin."—*The Tatler.*

GENIUS patronizes common sense, and common sense, in the end, bestows charity on genius.—*N. O. Picayune.*



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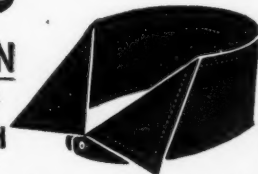
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